

# Notable Recent Memorials to Lincoln



The new Lincoln memorial in Potomac Park, Washington, now nearing completion.



The cabin in which Lincoln was born at Hodgenville, Ky. Now inclosed by a granite memorial.

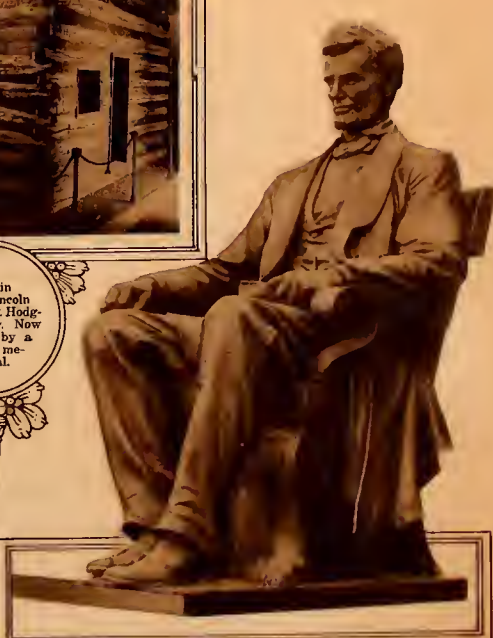
The ultimate plan includes a beautiful memorial bridge over the Potomac River.

(Underwood & Underwood.)



James E. Fraser's statue, "The End of the Trail," which is to mark the San Francisco terminus of the Lincoln Transcontinental Highway.

(© International Film Service.)



The Weinman statue of Lincoln at Hodgenville, Ky. The preservation of Lincoln's birthplace was paid for by popular subscriptions amounting to \$333,000.

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN

By Charles Johnston

ONE of the best early stories about Lincoln goes back to the Black Hawk war, in 1832, in which the future President, then a lanky country youth, served as a Captain. He was drilling his men in a field, they were marching forward in line and rapidly approaching a gate. "I could not for the life of me," Lincoln told the story, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company 'end-wise,' so that it could get through the gate, so, as we came near the gate, I shouted, 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

Of his witty words in the days when he was a lawyer on the Illinois circuit there is no end. One of the best is his description of an overeloquent lawyer: "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met!" Another lawyer, a man famous for his all-embracing laziness, once submitted an extraordinarily long-drawn paper to the court. The Judge called Lincoln's attention to it. This was a challenge to the lanky humorist for a story. Lincoln replied by saying it reminded him of the indolent preacher who "got writin' a sermon and was too lazy to stop."

Once he was making his way on foot from one small town to another. A man in a buggy drove up. Lincoln stopped him, with the very modest request: "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" "With pleasure; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very readily. I intend to remain in it."

Of the Mexican war and the professions of the Administration that it had no aggressive aims, he said that it reminded him of an Illinois farmer who used to say: "I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only want what jines mine!"

But the great Lincoln stories begin with the days of the Douglas debates and Lincoln's candidacy and election. Douglas was a short, fat man; Lincoln was 6 feet 4. A satirical question was raised as to the right length of a man's legs. "Well," answered Lincoln, "I should think a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground!" Other criticisms were sharper. Douglas told an audience that he remembered the time when Lincoln kept a grocery store and sold whisky. Lincoln retorted that he also remembered it; that Douglas was one of his best customers; he had many times sold him whisky across the counter; but, he said, "while I have left my side of the counter, he still sticks to his." Another time Douglas told an audience that his father had been an excellent cooper. Lincoln picked up the point in reply; said he was convinced it was the truth and that Douglas senior "had manufactured one of the best whisky barrels in existence."

When the news came of his election Mrs. Lincoln ordered a new silk dress for the inauguration. "Well, wife," the President-elect is reported as saying, "there is one thing very likely to come out of this scrape, anyhow. We are going to have some new clothes."

But just as he had as often moved a jury to tears as to laughter, so his words at this time pass swiftly from



humor to pathos. What could be more touching than the last short speech to his friends, as he was leaving Springfield on his way to Washington, on Feb. 11, 1861?

"My Friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether I ever shall return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

His persecution by office-seekers, which he learned to meet with such admirable wit, he foreshadowed thus: "As for Judge Douglas, they have seen in his roly, jolly, fruitful face Post Offices, land offices, Marshalships, and Cabinet appointments. . . . On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting." Later, he coined a famous phrase when he said: "I usually find that a Senator or Representative out of business is a sort of lame duck."

Almost too well known to need quoting are the famous closing words of the first inaugural: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chord of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

In the early days of the war Lincoln was besieged by men urging him to emancipate the negro slaves, as he held, before the time had come. Three men, Sumner, Stevens, and Wilson, dogged his steps everywhere. He was telling this once, when, looking from the window of the White House, he saw them coming. It reminded him, he told his auditor, of his schooldays, when, in the log schoolhouse, there was no classbook but the Bible, which all, standing in a row, read aloud in turn. The reading was of the three Hebrew children and the burning fiery furnace. A little chap, breaking down hopelessly over the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, was soundly cuffed, howled loudly, and presently sobbed himself quiet again. The reading went on; as his turn grew near, and he counted ahead to the verse he would have to read, the little chap began to howl loudly once more. The teacher asked the reason. Pathetically, the small boy replied, pointing to his coming verse: "Look there, marster—there comes them sams damn tree fer bellers again!"

But the most heartrending of all Lincoln stories relates that Mrs. Lincoln was pressing him, greatly against his will, to go to the theatre on the evening of his great tragedy. He was weary, had seen the play before, felt altogether loath to go. Finally he yielded to his wife's persistent entreaties. "I will go," he said, "but if I don't go down to history as 'the martyr President' I miss my guess!"